NEW SPRING SUITS
Society Brand and
Hart Schaffner & Marx
The clothes that measure up to their advanced ideas and set the standards in fashions, are now at the
W. DIAMOND CLOTHING CO., LTD.

CALGARY EYE OPENER

For Your New Spring Hats, Shirts, Underwear, Neckwear, &c., and Your Florsheim Shoe
See our vast and carefully selected stock for the young man who cares.
W. DIAMOND CLOTHING CO., LTD.
C. Benjamin, Mgr.

VOL. XV.—No. 19. CALGARY, ALBERTA, FEBRUARY 26, 1916. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Eye Openers

Phone M1780

R. C. EDWARDS
Editor and Proprietor

Subscription, $1.00 per year

Correspondents are requested to address us to P.O. Box 2090, Calgary.

Nobody seems to be urging Winter to stay any longer.

* * *

Has anybody here saw Bucky?

* * *

If you do not care for "Tipperary" you might sing, "It's a long day for February," meaning the 29th, of course.

* * *

Wearing knee breeches is a pretty heavy price to pay for being lieutenant-governor.

* * *

There are but two absolute monarchies in the world—Russia and A. L. Sifton.

* * *

Here is an ecclesiastical item culled from the Albertan, Feb. 14:

> The Bankview Methodist Ladies' Aid will give a bean supper from 6 to 8 p.m., to be followed by a musical program.

* * *

Lieutenant Charlie Taylor was initiating some recruits into the mysteries of the rifle. He took the gun from the hands of the first man in the line and said—

"Er—this is a rifle, you know, old chap. This is the barrel, this the stock, and this is the magazine. You put the clip of cartridges in here. These little things on the barrel are the sights. You look along them when you aim. Then you fire by pressing this little thing, which is the trigger. By the way, old chap, what was your previous occupation?"

"Who? Me? I was a gunsmith."

* * *

Women apparently can stand the cold much better than men. During the recent cold snap we overheard one lady say to another that she would be over that evening if she had nothing on.

* * *

It is more than likely that there will be a Provincial election in Alberta along about May or June.

* * *

Premier Sifton no doubt would like to have the Elections over and a fresh lease of power secured before the Liquor Act comes into operation. There are reasons for this that only a politician would understand if we tried to explain them.

* * *

Amongst other more obvious indications, there are three which lead all the rest.

First,—women are to have the franchise granted to them at this Legislature. The Premier will get all the credit and he will strike while the iron is hot.

Second,—the suspicious amiability of Sifton in connection with the Calgary Technical College and his sudden generosity towards this city.

Third,—his recent alluring address before the Canadian Club of Calgary with regard to the imperative need of a banking system which will enable farmers to borrow all the money they want at a low rate of interest.

* * *

Now, the phlegmatic Sifton is not getting busy so suddenly just for the fun of it.

* * *

One thing we can never understand is why a woman looks straight into the mirror to adjust her belt at the back.

* * *

By the way, how come all those war despatches which we see in the Calgary papers every day, dated from Berlin? They keep up a steady announcement of defeats inflicted on our troops. It looks suspiciously like German propaganda sent forth for the purpose of discouraging recruiting. We are surprised that Canadian papers fall for this stuff.

* * *

John Bull may be a bad starter, but he is a good finisher.

* * *

A soldier went to his colonel and asked for leave to go home and help his wife with her house-cleaning. "I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but, as a matter of fact, I've just had a letter from your wife saying that you are no help to her at cleaning house and asking me not to give you leave."

The man saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopped, turned and remarked:

"Colonel, there are two bloody liars in this battalion and I'm one of them. I'm not married."

* * *

So the liquor men are going to ask the government for compensation, eh? This is a d——d piece of impudence. Why don't they compensate the people they have put on the bum?

* * *

SOCIETY NOTES

Mrs. William Buckle, of Seventh avenue west, was hostess at a luncheon last Wednesday in honor of her nephew, who has just been liberated from jail.

Mrs. Arthur Dyrenforth, prominent in church work and charitable enterprises, has taken a cottage for the summer on the Blackfoot Reserve, where she will teach the Indians to play golf.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob T. Revell announce the engagement of their daughter, Millie, to Eugene Mott, the rising young poundkeeper of Okotoks. It is whispered in official circles that Mr. Mott may be appointed a commissioner for the taking of affidavits. We predict a bright future for Eugene.

Mr. John Rieux, the popular boniface of the Riverside Hotel, gave an At Home on the 10th inst., which was largely attended by the military. On the departure of his guests the genial host found that he had no home to be at home at any more. Refreshments were partaken of on the self-serving plan and heartily enjoyed.

Mr. J. T. Macdonald, one of our prominent merchants, has returned from a business trip to Montreal, New York and Chicago. He reports good times in the east and says that the bank clearings in New York will compare very favorably with those in Calgary.

Dr. J. B. McMurder and Dr. T. M. Slaughter, of Edmonton, are registered at the Palliser.

Some steps will have to be taken to compel the wealthy men of this community to contribute their proper share towards the Patriotic Fund. The wage earners have done and are continuing to do their share splendidly. All classes have come forward and helped according to their means toward this beneficent fund, all except our local capitalists. This does not apply to Pat Burns, of course, for this splendid citizen has for years contributed with abundant generosity to every good cause and his purse strings are ever loose when any one in distress needs help. Nor does it apply to R. B. Bennett, who, once his interest is aroused in a worthy cause, becomes almost reckless in the coughing-up line. But there are certain prominent men of wealth in this city of the very opposite type who should be heartily ashamed of themselves.

* * *

Take Hutchings. He has allowed it to be spread abroad in the press, without contradiction, that he contributed $2,000 to the Patriotic Fund.

He did nothing of the kind.

All that Hutchings has contributed to the Fund is what his corporation, the Great West Saddlery, is contributing now,—the sum of $400, payable monthly. This is $67.50 per month, and he has already paid two months of it—$135.

And this contribution is only to be for six months!

* * *

That is Hutchings' contribution. Yet he has made a fortune out of war contracts and will no doubt get lots more war orders. He of all men ought to be especially generous towards the Patriotic Fund. The soldiers spared his place the other night, when it was a notorious fact that ever since the war began, in spite of protests from his employees, he persisted in employing German and Austrian workmen on his orders from the war department.

* * *

If the legislature, which sits next week, takes drastic measures to force such men to do their duty, by imposing a tax which applies to their case, they will only have themselves to blame.

* * *

Another mean old plutocrat is W. R. Hull. There is no excuse for Hull. Here is a man worth probably over two million dollars in cash and gilt edged property who has contributed only $1,000 since the war began. He gave this sum last year. This year he is giving nothing at all.

* * *

Hull's excuse for not contributing this year is that he gave the use of the Ogden Hotel rent free as a Convalescent Home for Returned Soldiers. This building was not loaned by Hull at all, but by the Calgary Brewing Company, of which he is only one of the directors. Both Mr. Cross and Mr. MacMillan, of the Brewery, have made liberal personal contributions to the Fund irrespective of the Ogden hotel donation.

* * *

Then there is Aleck Allan, worth all of half a million. We wondered what would be this gentleman's excuse for not contributing to the Patriotic Fund. On receiving a request from the committee for a contribution, he replied with a letter which stated that he would be unable to give anything to the Fund because he was sending $25 a month to a couple of nephews who were at the front!

* * *

What can you do with such people? They have large possessions which would pass from them absolutely were it not for the protection afforded by the army and the navy. The soldiers who are going forth to fight the Germans are de facto nothing more nor less than a large human insurance policy covering with their lives the material wealth of British property owners. Is it not, therefore, the plain and moral duty of the rich to "do their bit" by contributing with intensified generosity and with a free heart to the keep, comfort and well-being of the wives and families of these men? It certainly is, but they don't seem to see it that way.

* * *

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—Socrates said that.

* * *

A lady—not a Calgary lady—gave a party asking each guest to come representing the name of a song. One lady attended the party with a band across her bosom on which was inscribed the legend "Married Five Years, No Children." This proved too deep for the appointed judges, and the lady was asked for the song-definition of her make up. The answer was,

"What's the Matter with Father?"

* * *

It may be news to those who were kicking about inadequate street car service in Calgary during the recent cold spell, to learn that the street cars of Brandon and Regina were tied up completely from Christmas all through January and did not run at all. Not a wheel turned.

* * *

How about this? A Calgary man who recently visited Seattle called at the branch of the Bank of Commerce in that city to change some Bank of Commerce bills. The bank charged him 2 per cent, or rather, 20 cents on his ten spots and 40 cents on his twenties. It isn't much to kick about, of course, but why should a bank charge a discount in cashing its own notes?

* * *

In a certain little burg lives a skin and bones man named, for convenience and to avoid libel, Bill Skinner. During a large evening down town, some one drew a gun and fired at random into a crowd of merry-makers. The bullet struck Bill Skinner in the thigh. At once a deputation of citizens started on a run for the nearest and only doctor. It was long after midnight. They beat on the door and yelled and finally a second storey window was raised and the doctor's head appeared.

"Hey! Doc! Come down," called one of the deputation. "Bill Skinner's been shot."

"Howzat? Bill Skinner? Where is he hit?"

"In the leg."

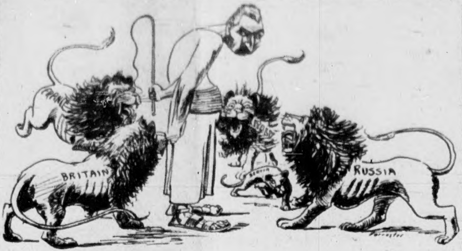
"Well, well," said the doc, closing his window, "some shootin'!"

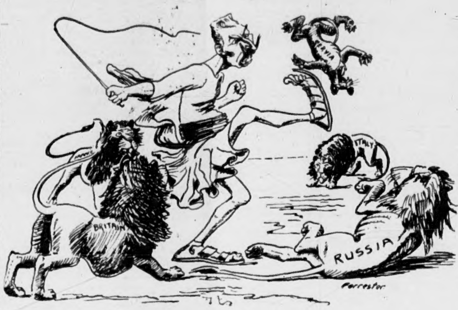
* * *

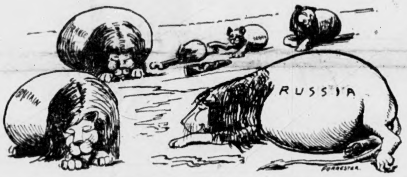
Will the lady who recently sent us the breezy letter, signed "[illegible]," kindly send her address? All right, hurry up, don't be all day.

* * *

[illegible], the charming proprietor of the Bucket of Blood in Winnipeg, has been promoted to the rank of junior major in the [illegible] battalion of [illegible] Highlanders. It is generally [illegible] that [illegible] will accompany this battalion [illegible].







If Charlie Chaplin talks as he walks, it may be just as well that he is in the silent and not the speaking drama.

* * *

From a private source we learn that a startling journalistic sensation is on the eve of being sprung on Western Canada. You better step out and have a drink before reading another line. The shock will be great. It is this—better make it two drinks—the Winnipeg Free Press is about to switch its politics and change over to the Conservative side! Our information is that a powerful Conservative group has purchased the Free Press outfit holus bolus from Clifford Sifton, who, on a somewhat different scale, is just as hard up financially as the rest of us.

* * *

Should this story prove true, it may be regarded as a master stroke on the part of the Conservative politicians.

* * *

The Winnipeg Tribune, Bob Richardson's paper, will then gently and imperceptibly take the place of the Free Press as spokesman for the Liberal party in Manitoba. The Tribune always was the best, the most interesting and the brainiest of the three Winnipeg dailies ever since we can remember. Richardson, however, won't let it become "an organ." Not on your life.

* * *

Frank Oliver, a number of years ago endorsed popular opinion by describing (in the House of Commons) the Winnipeg Free Press as "a journalistic prostitute." She is now apparently about to move up a notch and become a landlady.

* * *

When the devil is assisted by an agent attired in a short skirt and white shoes, the work of [illegible] 'em is easy.

* * *

Last issue we perfectly put our foot in it. The little yarn we spun for the general amusement of our readers about a Mr. [illegible] of High River, getting very drunk at the recent Farmers' Convention and being conveyed to the Holy Cross Hospital, was taken seriously by the Hospital staff. They feel very badly about it, and we wish to make humble apology for the liberty taken in making use of the name of one of the finest and oldest public institutions in Calgary. There is no such person as [illegible] either. The story was merely one of those josh yarns which we occasionally make up to give our readers a bit of a laugh. The Lady Superior knows that the Holy Cross has no warmer friend than the editor of this paper, who trusts he is now forgiven.

Chairman Bulyea driving to a Meeting of the Public Utilities Commission.

This is the end of February and so far we have heard of only one leap year proposal. The victim, whom we know very well, accepted the girl all right enough, but is very angry over the affair. He claims to have been caught at a disadvantage.

It appears that the young lady, who is most estimable in every way and stenogs in a downtown office, invited him to spend the evening at her home, saying that her parents were away and she would be lonesome. Well, after all the tunes had been played on the gramophone she opened a sideboard and produced a decanter of Scotch whiskey and some bottles of soft stuff.

"Do you know," said she, as she poured out a stiff hooker for our friend, "I am different from other girls. I like to see men enjoy themselves in their own way. Try one of Dad's cigars. Lots of women don't know how to make a place homelike and attractive. Sorry I've no soda, but try a little of this ginger ale in it. That is why men always want to go down town of an evening, so they can have a jolly sociable evening at the club or hotel with some kindred spirits. Did you ever notice how a married man is scared to go home if he has indulged a little too freely? He knows the dreadful reception he'll get. Now, I'm not one of that kind. Allow me to give you another helping—or perhaps you'd like some bottled beer? I'm afraid we haven't any. I have never tasted liquor myself, but I know from the way you men enjoy it that it must be splendid. Let me fill it up—what do you mean by drowning the miller? Oh, you're too funny for anything. When I have a home of my own I'm going to humor my husband and keep the cellar stocked with whiskey, brandy, champagne, gin, soda water and endless cases of bottled beer. What is home without bottled beer? A desert, a whited sepulchre."

She kept up this line of talk with little or no interruption for a couple of hours until our genial friend began to get a bit inflated. As he explained to us, he got into a fuzzy frame of mind where he thought thusways:

"Here is a sensible girl. Understands her business. No damnonsense about her. Will let a feller take a drink when he wants one. Good talker, good looker. Her ideas of married life are just right. Keep booze at home. No [illegible]. Attractive home. She's the stuff all right, all right."

There was just about one good horn left in the decanter when the dear creature proposed and was accepted on the spot. Then he downed the last of the Scotch and rolled home a happy man. He is not exactly sorry about it, for he likes the girl and respects her highly, but he feels somehow that a job was put up on him. Especially so, as the next time he called there was no booze.

* * *

[illegible]

We hope that some legislator on the Conservative side of the House now in session at Edmonton will rise and ask Premier Sifton to explain about the two million dollar loan made to J. D. McArthur (on top of his $20,000 per mile guarantee) on account of the "Canada Central" short line of some 22 miles, the route of which was deliberately switched after the first million was paid.

* * *

McArthur had two surveys made of this road, a Hart river one and a Smoky river one. After getting his $20,000 per mile guarantee, he made out that the Hart river survey was the one that would have to be used, giving many cogent reasons for his decision. This route, though only 22 miles in length, called for the construction of no fewer than 27 bridges. Wherefore he insisted upon the absolute necessity of a loan from the Alberta government of two million dollars cash.

* * *

He got one million, and may have since got the other.

* * *

Sifton will do more for McArthur than for any other man on earth, excepting perhaps Bulyea.

As soon as McArthur got his paws on the first million (that was to go towards building the 27 bridges) he promptly chucked the Hart river route and changed off to the Smokey, where only TWO small bridges would have to be constructed.

This is the greatest feat of trickery ever pulled off in this province.

* * *

The question arises, Did McArthur get that second million?

* * *

Recruiting for the 137th is going along swimmingly, nearly 900 men having joined this popular battalion. Lieut.-Col. Moffitt is making arrangements for a crack band, which will have every other band in existence, including the Coldstreams and the Irish Guards, skinned 47 different ways.

* * *

As regards the Calder charges against the Hon. Robert Rogers, any one acquainted with the Hon. Bob knows that he would never be so simple as to place himself in the hands of the Philistines in such amateurish fashion as Calder suggests. Calder will have to invent a new one. This one has fallen flat.

* * *

Mr. Oswald Brown, the well-known rancher, the other day told us that out his way the partridges are already mating, which is one of Nature's signs that Spring is here to stay.

* * *

Next week some violent artillery actions may be expected in the House at Edmonton. Tweedie, Michener and Hoadley have prepared mines which will be exploded [illegible], and they will no doubt do their best to seize and occupy the craters. [illegible] attacks of great violence are anticipated.

* * *

[illegible]

Well, we suppose The Eye Opener is expected to say something about the soldier riots.

* * *

These riots, in looking back a couple of weeks later, were not so dreadfully serious after all. Deplorable they certainly were, with respect to the wanton destruction of property, but seeing that the grievance which gave rise to the trouble was based on a sturdy, eat-'em-alive-o anti-German sentiment, it is difficult for even the most law-abiding citizen to feel very angry about it.

* * *

The Dominion government will, of course, have to pay the damages, inasmuch as the soldiers are technically in the employ of the Militia Department. Out of evil, if one should call it so, good has come. Employers who have hitherto flouted the spirit of the hour by keeping Germans and Austrians at work, have been brought to their senses with a sharp turn. Without some kind of a volcanic disturbance, certain employers in this city and province would have calmly continued telling those who protested against their attitude to go to hell and mind their own business.

* * *

The small fraction of soldiers stationed here who engaged in this educational work must regret, however, that they selected two such harmless places to wreck as the White Lunch and the Riverside Hotel. As employers of alien enemy labor, the manager of the former was comparatively guiltless, while both the proprietor and tenant of the latter were absolutely innocent. The White Lunch was a clean, reasonable-priced, admirably conducted restaurant, and highly popular with the soldiers themselves. The Austrian engaged on the dirty work of the kitchen, work that a white man always refuses to do, was no doubt employed on the same principle that compels one to get a nigger to do certain kinds of menial jobs.

* * *

As for Johnny Rioux, who ran the Riverside Hotel, we have known him fifteen years and always found him to be one of the most jovial and good-hearted of men. This rotund French-Canadian used to be the life and soul of High River when we lived there. There was absolutely no justification for ruining his little business, especially as it was billed for ruin anyhow on July 21. We presume somebody told the soldiers that John Kaiser owned the premises. So he did, once.

* * *

Much may be forgiven a soldier these days. He is offering all he has, all any man has—his life, for you and me and others who remain at home in civil life. When disposed to assume a critical attitude towards the man in khaki who gets into occasional mischief, remember that he has been trained up to a highly vitalized physical condition and is apt to get feeling so dam good that he must either let off steam or bust. And remember, also, that every move he makes day by day in the line of drill and physical exercise is made under the impulsion of one great master purpose, to put the Germans on the bum. The recent excesses were due to this grand obsession, not to any malicious spirit.

* * *

We only hope that the lesson thus crudely inculcated in the mind of this community will spread and extend to Ottawa. Sam Hughes has done lots of crazy things in his day, but none quite so crazy as keeping as chief intelligence officer of the Canadian war department a German-born citizen, Captain Hahn, whose brothers are fighting in the German army.

* * *

And what a strange coincidence it is that the chief ordnance officer at the war office in London should be a man by the name of Von Donop!

These Germans are altogether too smooth for us. We have to hand it to them for their supreme gift of cunning.

* * *

But this is not all. The private secretary of Mr. Hazen, minister of marine, who has charge of all the coast defenses of Canada, is German born, bearing the unequivocal name of Gustav Heidman!

* * *

Yet another flagrant case. The mechanical superintendent of dredges, who must have detailed tactical and strategetic information concerning every important coastwise public work, is another German, named Kastella. We understand, however, that Bob Rogers canned him about a couple of weeks ago. He won't mind that now. He has all the dope.

* * *

In every department of the public service there are similarly placed officials of Teutonic origin. For instance, the Deputy Minister of Mines is a German born man called Dr. Haanel. Yet Premier Borden has decided to keep him, saying that he is an "efficient official and a law-abiding citizen"!

* * *

The extraordinary part of these anomalies is found in Sam Hughes' complacent attitude.

"Yes," he has admitted, "the chief of my intelligence staff is a German. But he is loyal to the core, a good fellow and thoroughly competent. There are other Germans in my departments, too. They are all good fellows."

* * *

Now, what can you do with a man like that?

* * *

The little old White Lunch fades into insignificance when stacked up alongside the war department at Ottawa.

* * *

There can be little doubt but what the recent rioting in Berlin, Ont., was brought about by a feeling of resentment and irritation against the unaccountable actions of the authorities at Ottawa. A week or two previous to this, a Berlin man who enlisted was subjected to abuse and "seditious influences" by his fellow workmen. The colonel of the regiment instituted civil prosecution against the ringleader, a German named Meyer. The prosecution was smothered by the Justice department!

* * *

Why was it smothered? Oh, well—you'll pardon us for laughing—but the local member of parliament is Herr Weichel, a supporter of the government!

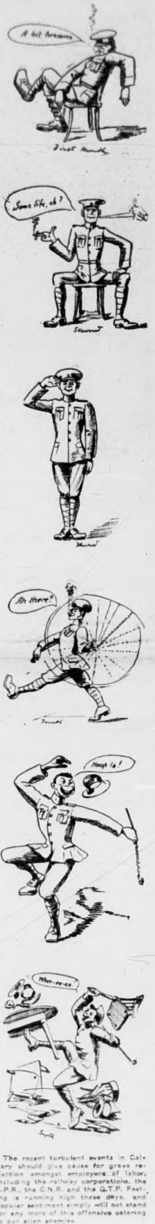
* * *

So far as Alberta is concerned, it is now not so much a question of the soldiers behaving themselves as it is a question of the employers behaving themselves in this connection. [illegible]

* * *

What kind of a job would a Canadian be allowed to hold down in Germany? [illegible]

Psychological Explanation of the Recent Trouble.



The recent turbulent events in Calgary should give cause for grave reflection amongst employers of labor, including the railway corporations, the C.P.R., the C.N.R. and the G.T.P. Feeling is running high these days, and popular sentiment simply will not stand for any more of this offensive catering to our alien enemies.

What is J. S. Dennis' opinion in the matter?

* * *

Is it the case that the C.P.R. department over which Mr. Dennis is chief, is deliberately bringing in German settlers from across the line to settle on the company's irrigated lands between Calgary and the Hat?

All we want to know is, if it is true. If it is, then Mr. Dennis, by glancing out of his window, will see the weather commence to cloud up for a storm in his immediate vicinity.

* * *

The lands owned by the C.P.R. were donated outright to the company by the people of Canada in the form of a government grant. For this reason alone there are strong objections to having these acres populated with our enemies either during the period of the war or after it.

Should our surmises prove correct, we shall take immediate steps to have a question asked on the subject on the floor of the House of Commons.

Phone M2755
For the Best Values and Service in
Groceries & Hardware

SUGAR—Pure cane sugar, 20 lbs. [illegible] lbs. $1.65
10 lbs. 85c
(With $2.00 Order).

BUTTER—Finest creamery butter, 2 lbs. 75c

HAMS — Fancy sugar cured hams, by half or whole ham, lb. 17c

Codfish—Whole cod, P. E. I. pack. Special, 2 lbs. 25c
Herring—Finest Labrador herring, new goods; 2 lbs. 25c
5 lbs. 55c

FLOUR—Western Queen, Gold Seal and several other brands.
Sack $3.25
Half sacks $1.65

Cooked Ham—Fancy Lean Ham, machine sliced, lb 29c

JELLY POWDER—Shirriff's, all flavors, 4 packages 25c

Extracts—All flavors. Special, 3 bottles 25c
Flour—Robin Hood, Purity, Royal Household, etc.—
98-lb sacks $3.75
49-lb sacks $1.90
24-lb sacks $1.00
Rolled Oats—Robin Hood; 8-lb. sacks 35c
20-lb. sacks 75c
Flour—Iris brand, No. 1 patent flour, guaranteed to be the finest on the market, or your money refunded—
98-lb. sacks $3.40
49-lb. sacks $1.75
24-lb. sacks 90c
Dates—Finest new fruit, 2 packages 25c
5 for 55c
Walnuts—Fancy shelled halves, lb. 39c
Raisins—Seeded or seedless; 2 packages 25c
Currants—2 packages 35c
Carrots—Very fine firm carrots, 12 lbs. 25c
Turnips—Firm swede turnips, 15 lbs. 25c
Bacon—Fancy back bacon, by the side or half side, lb. 23c

RICE—No. 1 Japan Rice, 8 lbs. 25c

Bacon—Fancy sugar cured breakfast Bacon, by the side or half side, lb. 23c
Oranges — Fancy sweet Navels, dozen 25c
Grape Fruit—4 for 25c
Lemons—Fancy stock, dozen 23c
Corn, Peas and Beans—Finest Ontario; 2 tins 25c
4 tins 70c
Tomatoes—Tin 15c
7 tins $1.00
Prunes—Fresh stock, 2 lbs. 25c
5 lbs 55c
Tea—Try our English Breakfast; lb. 40c
5 lbs. $1.75
Coffee—Our finest breakfast blend; lb. 40c
5 lbs. $1.75
Macaroni—10-lb. boxes 59c
Tomato Catsup—Champion brand. 3 bottles 25c
Apples—Grimes Golden, 6 lbs. 25c
Box $1.29
Potatoes—Fancy white B. C. potatoes; bushel $1.50

Hardware Specials

Egg Beaters—Special 10c
Can Openers—Special 5c
Rolling Pins—Special 23c
Electric Iron—Guaranteed indefinitely; reg. $2.50. Special $2.49
Cuspidors—Nice japanned, in colors. Special 23c
Axes—Handled axes, reg. $1.50 value; each 89c
Tea Kettles—Very heavy steel base, 3 coats of enamel. Special $1.79
Clothes Lines—Wire, 50 ft. Special 19c
Clothes Pins—Spring. Special, 6 dozen 25c
Fry Pans—Good size. Special 19c
Dippers—Good strong dippers, with long handles. Special 9c
Sink Strainer—Heavy tin, on stand. Special 16c
Tea Kettles—Quart size, tin, well made; each 23c
Pails—Heavy tin, 14-quart size. Special, each 24c
Wash Boilers—Heavy galvanized; large size. Special $1.59
Coal Hods—Heavy galvanized 49c
Door Mats—Heavy cocoa mat; reg. $1.25. Special 89c

J. T. Macdonald
132 8th Avenue East,
Phone M2755 Phone M2755

IMPERIAL
BEST IN THE WEST
COAL

The Coal
That Beat
Gas.

Gives You Satisfaction and Saves Your Money
Lump $6.00, Nut $5.00
Phone Your Orders to
The Imperial Coal Company
M1888
Ground Floor, Grain Ex.

TWO LIES ABOUT DRINKING MEN

The foolish lie, "I can quit any time," told by the millions of formerly high-class men who are today "lying" in the insane asylum, penitentiary or potter's field, and the IGNORANT lie, "Drunkenness is only a vicious habit," have caused more misery and deaths than all the wars of history. It is the diseased condition, caused by the poison of alcohol "stored up" in the system, which forces continuous indulgence. The Neal three-day treatment acts as an antidote for this poison, eliminates it from the system, creates a loathing for liquor or drugs, and restores normal conditions, at home or institute, in a few days.

Quit being a murderer of self, or others. Call or address the Neal Institute, 820 Thirteenth Avenue West, Calgary, Alta.

60 Neal Institutes in principal cities

AN EARTHQUAKE FINISH TO A MARVELLOUS SALE

Heap all the Superlative Adjectives together, and you cannot describe the MAMMOTH SAVINGS AT THIS FORCED OUT SHOE SALE AT 216 EIGHTH AVENUE WEST

LADIES

You can't afford to miss this chance. Boots and Pumps; all descriptions and sizes. Values to $6.00 a pair. A table load of them forced out at

$3.75

MEN

Let us draw your attention to the fact Richardson is closing out his entire stock of Men's Footwear. Now is your chance to buy Shoes worth $6.50 and $7.00 a pair or less for

$4.90

and so on.

CHILDREN'S FOOTS

The largest stock of Children's Foots in the West. Classics, Hurlbut, Welts, Skuffers and almost anything for the little ones one might want.

ALL AT MODERATE PRICES

PHONE M 4500 AND LET US CALL FOR YOUR SHOE REPAIRS
SEE OUR WINDOWS

RICHARDSON'S
LIMITED
The Home of Good Shoes - 216 8th Ave. W.

The Shriners' Minstrels put on their Big Show at the Grand Theatre on March 16, 17 and 18. They are preparing a tip-top entertainment which should not be missed. Every cent above bare expenses goes absolutely to the Colonel Macleod Chapter, I.O.D.E.

Save your bawbees for this show. It will be a good one.

* * *

The movie people slipped one over on our Alberta censor this week with a five film reel called "The Lure," claiming that it contained a great moral lesson for young girls. So it did, no doubt. But we most decidedly object to official permission being granted for the presentation of an exciting movie melodrama where the principal scenes are located inside a house of ill fame. There is no excuse for this.

* * *

It revolts one to see a rotten, sordid subject like this treated and visualized on the screen for the edification of our young folk with whom the movies are so popular. Last Tuesday night we dropped in to see what it was like and got a seat between a middle-aged lady and a girl of fourteen or fifteen. Possibly it didn't matter so much about the middle-aged lady, but what about the girl? Why should she and her friends have been "lured" into the Regent and asked to pay fifteen cents to watch the carryings-on of a "landlady," a pimp, and a colored Judy? The censor failed in his duty by allowing this film to pass. We want no more of it in Calgary.

* * *

It is all bosh talking about such a film containing a great moral lesson. Seeing that the craze for fine raiment is inherent in almost every young woman's mind, we cannot see that any particular repulsion for an evil life was created by the scene where a new inmate who arrives in plain attire is arrayed in a beautiful ninety-five dollar ball gown within half an hour after entering the bawdy house.

* * *

The fundamental idea of films of this kind is to get people talking and flocking to the box office. They are great money-getters. The more we write about it the madder we get. Imagine the feelings of a young man taking the girl whom he is engaged to marry, or whom perhaps he is just courting, to a play like The Lure! Picture the happy pair, all buoyed up with anticipation of an innocent evening's enjoyment "at the movies," settling themselves in their seats and allowing their gaze to rest on the parlor of a bookshop, with a girl in the act of being steered into one of the bedrooms by a sloppy landlady smoking a cigarette!

* * *

The Regent will have to exercise better judgment. We know that the management does not select its own films, but at that they don't need to put them on if they think they are liable to prove objectionable to their patrons. Eighth avenue, Calgary, is not South Clark street, Chicago.

* * *

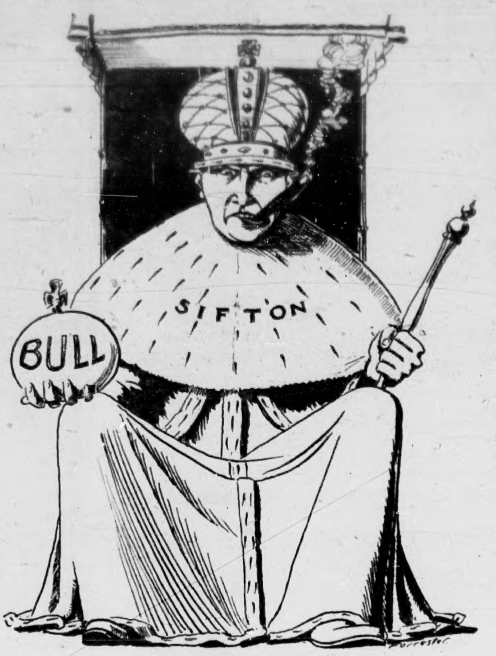
A clerk was sent to call on Mr. C , the meanest rich man in the town, to try to induce him to purchase a burial plot in the new cemetery. In half an hour he was back again. "Couldn't get him?" asked the manager. "No," said the clerk. "He admitted that the plots were fine ones; but he said that if he bought one he might not get the value of his money in the end." "Why," said the manager, "there's no fear of that; the man will die some day, won't he?" "Yes," said the clerk, "but he says he might be lost at sea."

* * *

Every blessed thing in Edmonton seems to revolve around a mysterious cement plant in which Mr. Bulyea and his friends, including Dr. Tory, are interested. All conversation, social, political, theological and boozographical, is never complete without a few remarks concerning the cement plant. No gathering can get along without it. Canadian Club orators, whose chief function it is to speak of ties which bind and the cementing of bonds, invariably drift into apt allusions to this cryptic cement plant. There is no reason to doubt but that the cement plant is possessed and should be exorcised by candle, bell and book.

* * *

There was a chap who had a dozen performing parrots. For a long time, thanks to the "movies," this chap had been out of a job. But at last his agent wired him that he'd signed him up at a good price. Several days passed. Then the agent received on a soiled postal card from the poor fellow this tragic message: "Can't accept. Bloody hungry. Have eaten my act.'"



Siftonoff the Terrible
Czar of All the Rummies

He who laughs best may be merely slow of comprehension.

* * *

H. F. Gadsby in Toronto Saturday Night (Feb. 12) writes despondently about the wave of Prohibition that is sweeping the country. He likens it to Banquo's Ghost, because it will not down. Harry is scared to death lest the Dominion Alliance push through an Act of Parliament making the whole of Canada teetotal.

* * *

Here is what the genial Gadsby has to say about Prohibition in the West:

They say that the Demon Rum deserted the prairies because there was no loose change hanging around since the boom busted, but that, once the nimble dollar begins to circulate again there will be a hurry-up call among the free spenders to bring the curse back. And there may be something in that.

Meanwhile mellow philosophers are pointing out that the victory in Alberta was not so much a moral reform triumph as a long-smouldering revolt against fifteen-cent beer led by Bob Edwards of the "Calgary Eye Opener," who, for the purposes of revenge, did noble work on the side of righteousness. Owing to the lack of five-cent pieces in the community, Bob thinks of rechristening his "Eye Opener" as "The Periscope," because it only comes up once in a while. So long as tight money lasts Bob is heartily in favor of nobody else getting tight. Hence these crusades. In confirmation of this theory of prohibition in Alberta as the vendetta of moderate (priced) drinkers against greedy saloon keepers the critics point out that Premier Sifton is not any too sure of his victory, and is now giving the women the vote in order to nail down the outrage he perpetrated on the men. This theory, which sounds like a cry from the heart, was given me by a Western member who is not any too fond of the dry belt that girdles him. He added: "There's Arthur Sifton and Walter Scott killing themselves smoking fat black cigars. Why don't they sacrifice those? Not on your life! They'd sooner sacrifice my beer."

* * *

It always makes a man peevish when people compliment him on his success and then add that they can't understand it.

* * *

A German named Kurth Wagemann has within the past few weeks been given a contract by the provincial government to drill for gas on the grounds of the Ponoka Insane Asylum. The coal bills at this institution are pretty high and they propose trying gas. But what is their idea in giving the contract to a German? Will they be good enough to explain?

* * *

We were under the impression that it was highly imprudent to permit Germans to have anything to do either at or near our public institutions. They would regard the blowing into eternity of a bunch of poor lunatics as a huge joke. The murder of women and babies, at least, causes them endless laftour.

* * *

If a woman only knew how she looks when running to catch a car, she wouldn't.

* * *

A husband who had dined and wined to the limit finds his way home in the wee sma' hours. He reaches the library just as he hears his wife's footsteps at the head of the stairs leading to her bedroom. He hastily reaches for a book from the library shelves, drops into a big easy chair and has the book spread across his lap as his wife enters.

"John! What are you doing here at this hour?" she asks.

"Just reading, dear. This book has been in the library five years. I've made up my mind dozens of times to read it. Tonight I'm going to finish it. Don't worry, my dear. You go to bed. I'll continue reading."

The wife, in tones of mingled disgust and authority, replies:

"John, close that checker board and come to bed."

* * *

If a man and his job are not congenial little is accomplished.

Supt. MacCauley is recommending to the Commissioners the cutting out of the cheap fare between 5 and 7 in the evenings because there was a $4,000 deficit in January. **How many days in January did the cars run during these hours, Mac?** Why not make it cheap fares all the time and do away with transfers. Say ten for a quarter? Anyway, it is worth trying.

* * *

If the movie theatre managers in Calgary will take our tip, they will see that their patrons get plenty of continuous music along with the pictures. Out of five picture houses in Calgary two have gone completely on the bum owing to the adoption of a false economy in the way of music. It is their funeral, of course, not ours, but we hate to see houses that put on pretty good films lose their business by inflicting on their patrons the poor little tinkling efforts of a lone piano thumper.

* * *

Saturday evening we spent an hour and a half at the Regent, one of the best of our movie houses, and although the place was packed to the doors the only music provided was a piano. When the pianist got tired of the piano he switched to the organ and then back again. Why don't they get him a jew's harp? Later on, we understand, a regular orchestra dropped in and graciously favored the audience with a few chunes.

* * *

It is indeed hard to din into the heads of movie managers the compelling fact that music is just as essential to their success as the films themselves. The houses most patronized are those where they have a good line of orchestral music. A few extra musicians to "spell" the others during meal hours would do the trick. They needn't tell us they can't afford it.

"Movies" to an accompaniment of good music is a mental solace; without it one might just as well visit a farmer and look over his family album.

* * *

We have a lot of respect for the man who begins it: "Did I ever tell this story before?"

Because then you can yell, "Yes!"

* * *

The wounded hero was sitting in an easy chair, enjoying a smoke, when the hospital doctor came along.

"Ah, that's good," said the latter. "You're getting on nicely. How do your broken ribs feel today?"

The patient took a long pull at his pipe before he replied slowly:

"Fine, doctor, fine; but I've had such a stitch in my side all day."

"Excellent! That shows the bones are knitting!"

* * *

Some men take to drink naturally and some others are quite willing to be taken.

In the Herald's "Twenty Years Ago Today" of a recent issue we observe that "the Fraser Dramatic company presented East Lynne last night." Them was the days of real sport! We never pass the Albion block on Centre street, which used to be known as Hull's Opera House, without mentally reminiscing about the jolly times we old-timers used to have within these same four walls. All theatrical entertainments, balls, lectures and political meetings were held here, and many a pleasant time was Had.

* * *

The dramatic fare was mostly provided by such luminaries as Harold Nelson, Harry Lindlay and the Clara Mathis company, and McEwan, the hypnotist. During intermissions every man in the house made for the door and rushed up to the Royal hotel to replenish his load. Hardly anybody does that sort of thing now. There were sometimes long periods when no show happened along at all. Then the Calgary Operatic Society would get busy and put on the Geisha or one of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. These were always successes on a strictly merit basis. Once J. S. Dennis had the hardihood to put on an Oratorio called "The Atonement," by Coleridge Taylor, which was regarded at the time as a rather ambitious effort and created a profound impression. The performance cast a gloom of unwonted culture over the community until the happy arrival of a Number Five Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe, with two real bloodhounds, and a Little Eva, whose grandson was property man with the show. Oh, them was the days!

* * *

And the political meetings at Hull's Opera House—ye Gods! The greatest of these was a prolonged no-decision duel between Haultain, premier of the Northwest Territories, and R. B. Bennett, even then recognized as the coming man. Naturally, there were all sorts of uproarious political meetings, in most of which the late James Reilly, Jack Clark, J. J. Young, Joe Bannerman, Dr. Lindsay and others participated with more or less success. But the star evening of all at Hull's was the Boxing Carnival gotten up as a benefit for poor Bobby English, news editor of the Herald, who was leaving for California to die. This must be twelve years ago now. Cappie Smart will know.

* * *

Most of the great battles which were fought long ago were over in a day. The following gives the duration of some famous engagements: Waterloo, 6 hours; Sedan (the big fighting), 12½ hours; Gravelotte, 9 hours; Mars-la-Tour, 10 hours; Koniggratz, 8 hours; Alma, 2½ hours; Leipzig, 3 days; Gettysburg, 3 days.

ELECTION MORN

Great Excitement of Alberta Lady about to fix herself up to vote for the first time.

Manitoba's liquor plebiscite is to be voted upon in a couple of weeks. The Drys cannot lose. Their majority will be proportionately much the same as in Alberta.

* * *

Too many men from Winnipeg are spending their winters in California and their summers tooting around in five thousand dollar cars, bought with money taken in over the bar. These men are conspicuous arguments for the Macdonald Act. Then, too, take the old Galt house which for years, until last fall, stood on the northwest corner of Notre Dame and Portage avenue; that joint never was a hotel within the meaning of the law. There was not a bedroom in the shack. It probably cost less than $2,000 to erect, but it used to rent for $50,000, and made a fortune for an inside bunch of politicians every year. It was a disgrace to the city and to the hotel business. Reputable hotel men tried for years to have it cut out, but could they do it? They could not. The inside pull was too strong. It violated the law every hour in the day. The booze was made over night in the basement and the stuff they shot into the drunks around Winnipeg put many a good fellow in Dr. Carscalion's private grave yard.

* * *

But the brewers were just as bad. They got a strong arm on half the hotels in Winnipeg and other parts of the province. They knew every move that was being made and they never displayed any disposition to stop the rotten business. The money was coming too fast. Out at Chad's place there was a gold mine, and Big Nick and George Skinner made fortunes in a few years. Not that these men conducted rotten joints. By no means, for their places were above the average even in the days when Mike Johnston was license inspector and everything was wide open. But the people simply will not stand for the game any longer.

* * *

Now the booze boys seem to be in a fair way to even up the score. The hotel men are certainly up against it and, to make a bad matter worse, they have sent to Duluth and other places across the line and brought professional anti-temperance speakers to harangue the crowd. For God's sake, will they never learn anything?

* * *

The hotel men ought to understand that the vote in Manitoba on March 13 will be determined not by what is being said and done now, but by what has been going on in Winnipeg and all over the province for years. Those clubs that Percy Hagel's arrest in the Krafchenko case exposed had a lot to do with the determination of the people to put the whole crowd out of business. It is alright for the so-called better class of booze-sellers to say they should not be held responsible for the rotten club bunch, but did they do anything to help close the clubs when there was one on every corner in Winnipeg? You bet your life they didn't. They were all out for the long green and they didn't care how they got it.

* * *

The talk about the bottle being driven into the home by the Macdonald Act is so much B.S. The average booze fighter does not take a bottle home and never will. That is one of the curious phases of booze fighting. How many times, old sport, when you KNEW you were going to need a shot the next morning, did you take a bottle home? Nix, you can't tell the talent that, for they know better. Anything to get rid of the injustice of the bar as operated in Winnipeg is what the people are after, and what they are going to get.

* * *

But the real joke comes in the way Hugh John Macdonald is paying off that old score. Wonder how many people remember how the liquor dealers put Hugh John out of politics in 1900? The story runs like this: Macdonald was premier, pledged to enact prohibition. He commissioned Jas. Aikins to draw up a bill which became known as the Macdonald Act. The brewers got scared. They got around Macdonald, who, by the way, in those days at least, was not averse to taking a shot, not to say several of them, but was in principle determined to have prohibition if the people wanted it and he thought they did. They told Macdonald that his father's mantle was waiting for him at Ottawa and that the place for him was in the Dominion House. They picked Brandon for him and assured him he could get the seat hands down. They would see to that. Hugh John fell for it and you know the rest.

So now it is time for Sir Hugh to smile and smile.

* * *

A parrot had spent most of his life in the box office of a theatre and had learned a good many of the words and phrases common to that place. One day he was missed from his accustomed perch, and after a long search was found in a tree in the middle of a field. He was surrounded by a flock of crows which was attacking him from all sides, and had picked off almost all his feathers. As his rescuers came up they heard him saying, "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen." "One at a time!" "Don't push!" "Don't shove!" "Take your time!" "There are a few good ones left."

* * *

We feel sure that the big guns of the C.P.R., especially Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, will not approve of certain actions of the Galt mine people at Lethbridge, who operate these mines for the company. The heads of the C.P.R. have shown splendid patriotism since the beginning of the war, and would be the last ones to think of doing a shabby turn to the families of their employees who have enlisted to go to the front. Here is the complaint:

* * *

The employees at the Galt mines are allowed their coal at the price of $5.20 delivered, but when an employee answers the call of his country and goes to fight his Empire's battles, sacrificing monthly wages of $100 or more for the small amount he is allowed as a soldier, his family is charged the full price of $8.00. This is hardly playing the game, is it?

* * *

The numerous Austrian and German miners who remain at work and remain in this country in comfort, are allowed to continue working steadily for the company at good wages and are willingly allowed this reduction in the price of their coal.

We will bet any money that Sir Thomas knows nothing of this discrimination against the families of their enlisted employees.

* * *

The Austrians and Germans working at these mines simply laugh at the man who is patriotic enough to throw up his good job to enlist. Will somebody kindly send Sir Thomas a marked copy of this paper? We don't think he is a subscriber. Indeed, we are sure he is not.

* * *

How do you account for it? Rather than make an effort to reach the top themselves, some men remain at the bottom and try to pull others down.

The New Spring Suits for Men

The first purchases of Spring Suits for men are in, and our buyer, now in the East, has undoubtedly surpassed all previous activities. A smarter, more classy and dressy assemblage of clothing has never been shown in the Men's Store. In values alone, this purchase is a noteworthy achievement.

For the Young Man---$15.00

The newest mode for the young man is the one-button, long roll, semi-peaked lapel sack, with patch pockets, semi-fitting, with 5-button lapel vest, narrow cut pants, with cuff and watch pocket. This particular model comes in a dark-brown check, and is going to be tremendously popular.

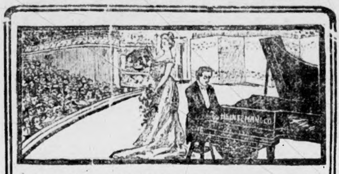
A bit more Conservative---$15.00

Two-button, long roll, semi peaked lapel sack, with 5-button lapel vest and medium cut pants. This model comes in dark check and blue with pin stripe.

At $18.00

A large range of semi-fitting garments and three-button models. Also Norfolks, Scotch and English Worsteds and Tweeds, Brown, Grey, Blue and pin stripes.

The Hudson's Bay Store



ON THE CONCERT PLATFORM *the*

Heintzman & Co. PIANO

(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co. Limited)

is ever the choice. The truly great artist will have no other.

"Excels any piano I have ever used." —A. Dani.

You can safely make this same piano the choice in your own home and in this way take no risks—suffer no disappointment.

322 EIGHTH AVE. WEST, CALGARY, ALTA.
D. J. McCutcheon, Alberta Manager.

How's This? A Big Clean Ton of Banff Briquettes for Only $6.00
LOTT & CO., LTD., Ground Floor, Dom. Bk. Bldg.

Grand
Thursday, Friday & Saturday
March 2, 3, 4
Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m.
In The Japanese Garden
Paul Armstrong's Great Play
'VIA WIRELESS'
In 5 Acts
One of the most thrilling and opportune offerings.
Travelogues—Scenics—Comedies
Special Added Attraction
The Royal Welsh Quartette
Survivors of the "Royal Gwent Glee Singers," saved from the "Lusitania" disaster, rendering some of the most delightful vocal music.
"CHILDREN'S HOUR"
Saturday Mornings at 10.30

ORPHEUM AT THE GRAND
3 Days, Starting February 28th
Unequalled Vaudeville
Lillian Kingsbury
& COMPANY
—in—
"The Greatest of These"
CLARK & VERDI
The Italian Comedians
ED. MORTON
Vaudeville's Pleasing Singer
Fred—WARREN & CONLEY—Effie
Some Boy—Some Girl
"Fun on the Board Walk"
VALENTINE & BELL
"The Furniture Removers"
Special Attraction
FOUR SULTANAS
in "An Oriental Betrothal"
The Inimitable
DESIREE LUBOWSKA
Impressionistic Character Dancer
Mme. Oxford's Elephants

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. [illegible]

A. S. Nimmo
MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES FOR MEN AND UNIFORMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
[illegible] SECOND STREET EAST
CALGARY ALBERTA

CALGARY PHOTO Engraving COMPANY
222 Eighth Ave. W.
Makers of
CUTS THAT PRINT

A manifesto calling for a drastic reform in the educational system of Great Britain has been published over the signatures of a committee of 38 leading scientists, including Sir William Osler, Sir William Ramsay, Lord Rayleigh and others.

* * *

The manifesto declares that the British are a woefully ignorant people and are paying heavily for their ignorance. It urges a reconstruction of the school system as an immediate necessity.

* * *

Since the birth of The Eye Opener some fourteen years ago, we have written several articles on this very subject, the false system of education over in the Old Country. We are a victim of it ourself and can write feelingly on the subject. Here goes for another whack at it.

* * *

Two Scottish schools had the distinguished honor of having the editor of this rag as a pupil, to wit, St. Leonards at St. Andrews, Fife (where they play "goof"), and the Royal High School, Edinburgh. On leaving these well-known institutions our koko was absolutely devoid of all knowledge. For pure unadulterated ignorance of any subject liable to prove useful in after life, the ignorance which we took with us from these two rather famous schools was simply shocking. All we acquired was a smattering—heavy on the smattering—of Latin, Greek, French, Algebra and Mathematics. The thing they laid most stress on was the Latin. If you contrived to become adept in a primitive, elemental kind of a way at Latin, they regarded you as "educated." And then they turned you loose on the world.

* * *

The only education worth while over there is what is known as "the three R's,"—reading, writing and arithmetic. This is what the so-called working-class gets, and they are lucky. Their heads do not get cluttered up with a lot of rubbish. The education of the middle and upper classes is the worst kind of a fake. Take the average boy who has just left school in England or Scotland and ask him whether the sun revolves round the earth or the earth round the sun, and the odds are 1,000 to 1 against his knowing the first thing about it. He would need two guesses anyhow.

* * *

Generation upon generation has waded through the same old Latin schoolbooks, Caesar's Commentaries, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid and Horace. There do not appear to have existed any other Latin authors but these five. In Greek they made you hack your way through Xenophon's Anabasis. We often used to wonder what "Anabasis" meant. And while we were worrying ourselves to death over these wildly futile subjects we could not for the life of us have told you anything of the stars or the planets, of the vegetation of the earth, of elemental geology, or of anything else staring us right in the face every day of our lives. As for being taught anything so absurd and ridiculous as chemistry, that was out of the question.

* * *

Everything in the line of a technical or vocational education was, of course, taboo, for a reason which most old-countrymen will understand and admit, namely, that it would have implied that you expected to have to work for your living. This would never have done! Tut, tut! Perish the thought!

* * *

The "polite education" which is hung on the sons of well-to-do parents in the Old Country is based on a mixture of snobbery and tradition. It is an awful farce. And the universities are quite as useless as the schools so far as useful instruction goes. Everything revolves around the classics, with a few obsolete side lines in the shape of Moral Philosophy and Logic. It is regarded as a sign of breeding when you don't know anything but useless things. The strange guest at the English dinner party almost invariably makes it a point of establishing his social standing, birth and bringing-up by casually remarking to some boob across the table, so that everyone can hear,—

"You of course remember that couplet from Horace——".

The boob bows his head understandingly, or cocks it to the one side, as the strange guest gets the Latin quotation (which he has specially memorised) off his stomach. It is a great game of make-believe.

* * *

We recall with much vividness the humiliation we experienced as a young man on one occasion at Marseilles, the Mediterranean seaport. Chatting with a man of some consequence in a cafe one day, the conversation drifted to the poor crop in the vineyards of France that year. Said he, "It looks as if our chemists have not yet succeeded in finding a remedy for the phylloxera."

"What's phylloxera?" we asked.

Instead of answering, this man wheeled round with an expression of blank astonishment and said,

"My friend, where were you educated?"

* * *

So far as instruction in history goes in old country schools—we use the term "old country," because Scotland is just as bad in this respect as England—they take you away back to the days of Hannibal and J. Caesar. They would drag you back to Adam willingly enough, but there is nothing Latin about Adam and anything that has no Latin back about it is not considered worth while. We remember they used to specialise on the Punic Wars, which were waged before the time of Christ—at least we think they were. If they weren't, it's not our fault. The Napoleonic wars are scarcely alluded to, except with reference to Waterloo. These are too d——d modern. Nothing modern goes over there.

* * *

The general effect of this sort of thing is that it begets the habit of ignoring current historical events and regarding the most gigantic world-happenings as mere newspaper stories, with no ultimate significance. Only last week we happened to suggest to an Englishman that President Yuan Shi Kai was performing a rather astonishing political feat in changing the Chinese republic back to a monarchy and getting himself crowned emperor, founding a new dynasty of his own in the oldest empire on earth.

Our friend said he thought he had seen some mention of it in the papers. "By the way," he added, "what did you say the Chinaman's name was?"

"Yuan Shi Kai."

"Funny names these chaps have!" mused he. "I wonder if there will be any cricket in Calgary this summer [illegible] most of our best players are off to the [illegible]."

[illegible]

By the Lord Harry! It is little wonder the leading scientists of Great Britain are taking up the subject of revolutionising the system of education. The war has apparently brought home to them the lamentable lack of useful knowledge on the part of a vast proportion of their population. It is a wonder that this never occurred to them before.

* * *

Emerson put the whole thing in a nutshell when he said,

"Give me insight into today, and you may have the ancient and future worlds."

* * *

It is a blessed thing indeed for this province that a Technical College is to be established in Calgary. Perhaps the most striking fact in the midst of the bitterest of wars is the general admiration felt for an educational system in which our arch enemy ranks at the top. The technical and other efficiency of the Germans, especially their thoroughness, is admitted and envied by other countries. It is their practical training that makes them so dangerously efficient and resourceful in the field. Their very deviltry is scientific.

(Still, we would sooner be a well trained dog than a well-trained German. Well-trained dogs command general respect.)

* * *

We notice that no suggestion has yet been made in regard to a commercial vocational school, where youths may be instructed in the arts of business. That omission can be easily explained. In this western country, so far as our personal observation goes, the main idea in business is to locate somebody with money and then set about taking it away from him. There are so many ingenious ways of doing this that no ordinary commercial school could possibly handle the subject.

* * *

Sonsonby Twitter rushed pell-mell, nay almost, swarmed, into the office of Hackensack Hagenback, matrimonial agent. Sonsonby Twitter could hardly be said to be indignant. He was mad, and righteously so.

"Look here, you swindler!" he shouted, "What did you mean by telling me that that Scowheim widow, besides being worth a million, was a perfect bird? After marrying her over long distance phone I find she's without exception the ugliest woman that ever was, is or will be. Now you explain!"

And Sonsonby Twitter took a revolver from his cash pocket and brandished it.

"I told you the truth," protested the marriage broker. "If I prove to you that she is really a bird will you go away?"

"Prove it," cried our hero.

"Well, she is chicken-hearted and pigeon-toed, has the habits of an owl, can swallow more alcohol than any man in town—swallow, see—talks like a parrot and is always out for a lark, acting like a goose. Now are you satisfied?"

Compelled by his sense of fairness to own himself in the wrong, Sonsonby Twitter put up his pistol and went sadly back to his homely bride.

* * *

We have the following extraordinary story from Wetaskiwin, our one-time happy hunting ground.

It concerns J. F. Fowler, a prominent merchant, leader in Methodist circles, and acting-Holy Ghost for the burg. If it isn't true, all he has to do is to drop us a line and we will take it all back. But we do not think we shall have to do that.

* * *

Last summer a young married man of Wetaskiwin enlisted in the 63rd Battalion, stationed at Edmonton. His wife has been receiving the separation allowance, as well as the usual allowance from the Patriotic Fund.

It appears that this young soldier owes Fowler an old store bill of some $80. In order to obtain payment of the debt, Fowler recently communicated with Mr. John Blue, of Edmonton, secretary of the Alberta Patriotic Fund, with a view to getting the money coming from this source to the wife, diverted to himself.

Mr. Blue very properly replied that any such action would have to be recommended and endorsed by the Wetaskiwin branch of the Patriotic Fund. Mr. Fowler, who, of course, is a member of this committee, duly presented his own case one evening last week.

We have not yet learned what the committee decided to do, but for their own sake we trust that they were not so bereft of decency and patriotic sentiment as to help Fowler in his contemptible attempt to deprive the wife of an enlisted soldier of her allowance from the Patriotic Fund and add it to his already fat bank account.

The wife, moreover, has a baby to [illegible] for.

Alderman Samis delivered an explanatory address in a local theatre last Sunday, on the subject of Proportional Representation. Samis is a profound student of troublesome subjects that no one else will take the time to bother his head about. So far as The Eye Opener is concerned, friend Samis is welcome to pull off any darned thing he pleases in this community, so long as he doesn't get his birthday made a legal holiday.

* * *

The Orpheum bill the first half of this week had a couple of extra good turns, the rest being slightly decomposed. A young Hebrew comedian, Harry Green, appeared in a remarkably clever playlet called the Cherry Tree and capitalized his nationality for a large amount, with no watered stock. These Hebrew comedians are very humorous fellows and know how to elicit roars of laughter out of the characteristic traits of their race, poking fun at themselves in most amusing fashion. The vaudeville stage now fairly swarms with Hebrew performers, many of them possessed of brilliant talent. This man Green's work is of a very high order.

* * *

By the way, where do the Orpheum managers dig up those alleged oriental dancers?

* * *

Colonel G. C. Porter, a former editor of the Calgary Herald, and for the past ten years news-editor of the Winnipeg Telegram, has resigned his position on the latter publication, and is now starting a business career on his own. The colonel has established a news bureau in Winnipeg, his office being in the McArthur building, and he will disseminate news and information in regard to the west to the numerous newspapers and magazines with which he has long been in touch both in Eastern Canada and the States.

The Colonel is one of the most expert newspaper men in Canada, his experience on the staffs of important newspapers on both sides of the line being varied and unique. In the old days he held down a desk in the editorial rooms of the famous editor, Rosewater, of the Omaha Bee. Later he was news-editor for Billy Maclean on the Toronto World, and so on. He has travelled and observed much.

COL. G. C. PORTER

Though undoubtedly strict and perhaps imperious with his reporters, the Colonel was always a popular character and held in the highest esteem by his associates. The air was certainly full of electricity when he was around, but those under his control became trained newspaper men in a real sense, and many who are now holding responsible positions frankly attribute their success to the severe grinding the Colonel put them through without fear or favor.

The Colonel has hosts of friends in Calgary who wish him the best of good fortune in his new enterprise. He has never yet failed to make good.

* * *

First Soldier (in the trenches)—"I was really intended for the church. In fact, I was on the point of being ordained last August."

Second Soldier—"What stopped you, then?"

First Ditto—"The d——d war."

* * *

It begins to appear that the [illegible] diplomats of the Allies in the capitals of the various Balkan states have been devoting themselves to the fruitless occupation of [illegible] behind their hands.

Strange stories reach the office of this paper from time to time. We are careful not to pay undue attention to them, because experience has taught us that to every story there are two sides, and in most cases the story itself has not sufficient general interest to warrant the trouble of digging up the other side. As a rule, it is best to chuck 'em into the w.p. basket. However, we should like to learn "the other side" of the following yarn which comes to us from Bow Island.

* * *

On February 11, when the west-bound passenger train made its usual stop at Bow Island at noon, a young woman with three children, one in arms, were "thrown off."

According to her story, her husband, a fireman, had died about a month previous and what remained of his earnings had been eaten up in funeral expenses. The woman and her babes were very thinly clad for such unusually cold weather as was then prevailing. She was on her way from Eastern Canada to Lethbridge, where she had some acquaintances and where she expected she could stay for awhile. The journey was longer than her purse and so they put her off at Bow Island, certainly a frightful spot to be put off at under any circumstances.

* * *

On her way from the depot the poor woman met two men from whom she inquired for "the council men," at the same time telling them of her plight. These men generously helped her to the extent of two dollars and told her where to find the councilmen. These worthies gave the unfortunate creature the glassy eye, plus the frozen mitt, though one of them finally gave her 50 cents. The local Justice of the peace, hearing of the presence of a strange woman and three babies in the burg, ran all the way from his shack to the hotel to find her and then ordered her out of town. He did not offer a nickel to help pay her way. At midnight the town cop escorted the poor little mother and her children to the depot, but the town authorities gave nothing in the way of pecuniary assistance.

* * *

The writer of the letter which we received on the subject states that this particular J.P. is a "heartless church-choir canary," but that is neither here nor there. He adds, also, that the members of this council make themselves very prominent in soliciting for the Patriotic Fund.

* * *

Now, there must be another side to this story. Will some neutral Bow Islander let us have it?

* * *

In a New York public institution attended by many races, during an examination in history the teacher asked a little chap who discovered America. The boy was evidently terrified, and hesitated, much to the teacher's surprise, to make any reply.

"Oh, please, ma'am," he finally stammered, "ask me something else."

"Something else, Jimmy? Why should I do that?"

"The fellers was talking 'bout it yesterday," replied Jimmy. "Pat McGee said it was discovered by an Irish saint. Olaf, he said it was a sailor from Norway, and Giovanni said it was Columbus; an' if you'd 'a seen what happened you wouldn't ask a little feller like me."

* * *

Germany is pretty foxy. She has not declared war on Italy, because in that event Italy could call on Roumania to fulfil her treaty obligations to come to her aid. This fact seems to be little known.

* * *

Queen Elizabeth fox-trotted coquettishly to the throne in the audience chamber. She was about to grant her morning audiences.

"Beastly bore," she complained. "Well, Primey, who's there? We'll let 'em in as usual in the order of their importance."

"A goodly and right noble assemblage, your highness," replied the prime minister. "Of which the most august are Sir Walter Raleigh, Will Shakespeare, Lord Harry McSwatters, Lord Leicester, her highness the Duchess of Spiff and Francis Bacon. And, your highness, a man has somehow gained admittance whom I crave to give the hook to. He is a low churl who says he has a freckle eradicator to submit to your majesty."

"Hah, hah! Ha, ha!" cried the queen in high excitement. "Give him not the hook, fool! Show him in at once. The rest can wait."

"But your highness——"

"Quick! Go to! Odds bodkins! Prithee! Forsooth!"

Upon which the base fellow was shown in with his freckle eradicator, which, while the titled and gifted callers cooled their heels in the antechamber he demonstrated for the next two hours and a quarter. And the queen purchased 100 bottles.

THE OUTCAST'S PRAYER

Almighty God, All-powerful God, we come to thee today and seek your assistance. We ask thee to rectify some of the great evils that exist in this old world thou hast created, and to remove the cause of misery, starvation, privation, degradation, and poverty, in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Oh Lord, have mercy on the millions of workingmen that are being butchered every day in Christian Europe, for every war is a rich man's war and a poor man's fight. In times of peace our stomachs yearn for a beefsteak. In time of war we are filled with bullets. And, Oh Lord, we ask thee to stop this useless murdering of innocent men.

Let those who declare war do the fighting. Let these Champagne-Guzzling, Bleery-Eyed, Bald-Headed Plutocrats fight their own battles. If they want blood, let them shed their own blood.

Oh Lord, deliver us from the greed and graft that exists in this nation and from the parasites who neither toil nor spin, but bedeck their persons with finery until they glitter in the gloaming like a rotten dog salmon afloat in the moonlight.

Oh, wonderful God, deliver us! We are blessed with preachers who draw fat salaries. Men pray to you to send heaven on earth, and the rest of the week dare you to do it. Verily, our institutions are badly mixed, for we have Bible houses, baudy houses, barrel houses and breweries. Oh Lord, help us, for we have criminals, paupers and herdes of industrial cannibals whom we call business men, professors who draw their salary and convictions from the same source. Oh Lord, merciful God, we have thieves, theologians, Christians and confidence men; also priests, prisons, politicians and poverty; convents, convicts, scabs and scallawags; traces of virtue and tons of vice. We have trusts and tramps, money and misery, homes and hunger, salvation and soup, and psalms sung by hypocrites in an organized bummery who expect to pave their way to heaven by begging old pants, coats and hats and in thy name sell them to the poor, thereby spreading disease and vermin to multiply.

Protect us, Oh Lord, and deliver us, for the groceries association hold us up, while poverty holds us down. Some of our butchers put embalming fluid on putrified beef, for they know that it would not stink and the unsuspecting public would eat it without belching. Deliver us from those who make canned beef out of sick cows, mules and horses, and corpses of those who eat it, and may the price of hamburger, beef stews, waffels and holey doughnuts come down and our wages come up to meet them, and may we be permitted to fill up on those luxuries three times a day, for to be without them causes great pain in our gastric region.

And, Oh Lord, we do not understand why poodle dogs have private baths and are attended by maids and valets, are shampooed, manicured and kissed, fed on choice steaks and drink cream, while thousands of little children made after your own image, live off garbage cans. Christ never said, suffer little poodle dogs to come unto me; and Oh Lord, may the society women cease to give their affections to poodle dogs instead of to babies.

And, Oh Lord, we ask thee to have mercy on the blanket stiffs, such as railroaders, loggers, muckers and skinners, and may they be permitted to make at least seven dollars and six bits before they get fired, and may their mulligans be of better class and contain no more old shoes, gum-boots and scrap iron, and may their blankets rest lightly on their blistered backs and contain no insects that might discommode them.

May the farmer plant his spuds more closely to the railroad track, and his chickens roam more closely to the jungles, and we will ever be grateful to the all-powerful God. Amen.

* * *

The man who would give his last dollar seldom possesses a nickel.

* * *

An epileptic dropped in a fit on the street not long ago, and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written:

"This is to inform the house surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit; not appendicitis."

* * *

Possibly one of the things spoken about and commented upon more than anything else in connection with the new policy of "Movies and Music" in The Japanese Garden is the "Children's Hour," the first of which was held on Saturday morning last at the Grand. Over four hundred children and many adults attended to see what has been since spoken of as one of the most beautiful entertainments for the children ever given in the city. This Saturday morning at 10.30 another excellent show will be given, when the best children's pictures procurable will be presented, while the same beautiful orchestra will provide the music. In the large Eastern cities this hour given over to the children is one of the most popular things among the schools and never a Saturday goes by but that the theatre is crowded. Parents, guardians and teachers are cordially invited to attend these matinees.

* * *

Any man who itches for fame will have to do a lot of scratching before he gets there.

* * *

Ever since the Victoria Cross was instituted by Queen Victoria at the end of the Crimean war the making of the medals has been in the hands of the same firm, Messrs. Hancocks & Co., of New Bond street, London, the royal silversmiths.

The manufacture of the famous cross differs a good deal from that of other medals.

"The ordinary medal is made from a steel die being stamped and completed in the same process," says Mr. [illegible], the senior partner, "but the metal from which the Victoria Crosses are made is so hard that no die would stand it without breaking. It is well known that the first crosses were made from captured Russian guns, but now the material is from guns taken from the Chinese. With an order for the cross is sent a supply of the metal.

"First a rough cast of the cross is made and this has to be filed, drilled and chased. The chasing occupies the attention of a skilled artisan for many hours. The bar is a separate casting, and is also chased.

"The authorities are most careful to see that none of the metal is wasted. It is most carefully served out to us, and if any is left over from one lot of crosses it is used up before a fresh supply can be obtained."

* *

"What kind of a looking man is that chap Gabbitow you just mentioned? I don't believe I have met him."

"Well, if you see two men off in a corner somewhere and one of them looks bored to death, the other one is Gabbitow."

* * *

[illegible] a man has a [illegible] sense of humor [illegible] knows what not to [illegible] funny.

What We Advertise We Do

Wonderful Value on

Men's Suits

Notwithstanding the Great Advance in all kinds of Merchandise we can truthfully say that the New Suits are the Best Value we have shown in six years. In fact the values are much better than last season.

Come and look over the . 10.00 Suits
When you see the line at . 12.00 You'll Smile
You'll expect to pay $20.00 for these . . . . 13.50 Suits
You never saw such value as this . . . 15.00 Line
Then the hand tailored ones at . . . . . 18.00 Are Nobby
Ask your tailor how these are at . . . . 20.00 He'd say $35
The range of patterns are largest 22.00
Hundreds to choose from, every shade . . 24.00 Hand-tailored
And for fine art in tailoring see these at . . . 28.00 Hand-tailored

Cut this out and fill in your measurements, enclose the amount you want to pay, also the color or shade of cloth preferred, and we will ship you the suit prepaid, and if not perfectly satisfactory you ship the suit back to us and we will mail back your money. That is the confidence we have in our Men's Suits.

MEASUREMENTS

Around chest, well up under arms.......................inches
Around waist, above hips.......................inches
Length of leg, up under crotch to top of heel.......................inches
Height..... Weight..... State if erect.......or stooping.......
State if single or double breasted or if cuff on bottom of pants or if Norfolk style.
Every suit is this Spring's importation.
We have Stouts, Short Stouts, Tall Stouts, Shorts, Stubs, Talls, Slims, etc.
Name.......................................
Address.......................................
Cut out and mail today.

Largest distributors of Men's Suits in Alberta

MacLeod Bros.

P. O. Drawer 350, Calgary

Received a fine long letter from a friend at the front, who is one of the original Fighting Tenth, and before that was with the 103rd. There are only 178 men left of the bunch that made the Tenth battalion famous. It is a cheery and rather humorous letter, but he betrays a wistful longing for a change:

"I think some of us Ginks who have been plugging away out here for twelve months ought to get a bit of a rest and change. There are only 178 men left now of the original Tenth that left Calgary, August, 1914, and, believe me, we are just about worn out, mentally and bodily. We are not kicking, nor asking for our discharge, but what about these Rummies who are doing Home Defence? Could not the old boys do it, who have roughed it for seventeen months? I personally know of five instances of men who have done nothing else since August, 1914, but guard railroad bridges in B.C. Could not we do this? It would be a change, anyhow.

* * *

This sojer friend of ours of whom we speak, and who is a private, sent along a copy of a highly amusing little paper published at the front, called **"The Listening Post."** It is full of good things in the josh line. The issue received was their Christmas number and appears to emanate from the 7th Canadian Battalion, 1st British Columbia Regiment.

Here are a few samples from the Listening Post:

Canadian colonel, addressing his men:—"Now, boys, we are going to be inspected by an English general. Let's give him a good show. Get a shine on your buttons, rub up your leathers. And for goodness sake, don't call me "Charlie."

* * *

Amateur cook and Plum Duff:—If you persist in trying to make a boiled pudding, don't let your officer catch you taking the sand bags off the front line parapet. The ingredients will hold together just as well if packed tightly into a sock. If you have to share the pudding with anyone always use a clean sock. Pte. Overs, who is an authority on this subject, has used both his smoke helmets and his Canadian toque.

* * *

When Pte. Bell asked permission to use this up-to-date journal as a means of locating a suitable lady friend, he was a smart, sober, industrious Canadian sojer. The thousands of letters and photos which he is receiving daily have not only taken away his interest in the machine gun business, but we have noticed several serious signs of insanity. He speaks of everything in the "feminine." His machine gun he addresses as Pet, Sweetheart, etc. And although the military term for machine gun is "woodpecker," he has been heard to call it his "Turtle Dove." When addressing his sergeant or any N.C.O. he uses such unregimental terms as "Darling" and "Angel." It was not until he refused his rum issue that the services of the M.O. were brought into action. The M.O. has got the situation well in hand, and has forbidden him to eat asparagus, sirloin steak, pate de foie gras, water melons, ices, jellies, lamb or veal, neither must he drink fresh milk, tom and jerry, punch, manhattan cocktails, gin fiz, John Collins, Chartreuse, champagne or egg nog. It is sincerely hoped that the above treatment will have the desired effect of bringing Tony back to his normal senses.

* * *

Who was the man in No. 1 Co. who, in reply to a request of the company commander that the company's one table cloth should be put on the table at mess, said:—

"I thot we wouldn't have it tonight, sir, as we are going to have soup."

* * *

No. 3 Company Notes

To the Editor:—

Sir,—There was a slight inaccuracy in your Hong Kong correspondent's report in last issue with regard to No. 3 Co. He was quite correct when he said we didn't like the front line trenches, but he omitted to add that it was only on occasions when a certain company (I won't go so far as say it was No. 1 Co.) occupied the adjoining trenches on our left. We strongly object to being "Stood-to on the double" three nights in succession on account of a certain amorous rat making a habit of returning home from his nightly visits to his "lady-love," by way of their listening post.

If one smart rat causes such consternation, can you, Mr. Editor, tell me what they would do if a real live German came along?

Thanking you for your valuable space, I remain,

ONE OF NO. 3 CO.

* * *

In "Answers to Correspondents" we find the following:

Clarence: If you suffer from cold feet you may obtain relief by heating them on the radiator of a motor transport.

Constant Reader: When bewildered by the different instructions issued on one subject, apply for leave.

Anxious: We can find no authority for the statement that the rum issue is going to be stopped.

Anxious: No, "Apre je brush mon hair" is not considered good French.

C.B.: "Provost Marshal" is not equal to "Field Marshal," but it is usually wise to do what either of these officials tell you.

* * *

On Relieving Trenches

On receipt of your order to relieve Blank company of the Blankshires call up the sergeant-major, tell him and don't worry further. Care killed a cat.

Don't bother about inquiring the way in or tramping over the ground yourself. The sentry at — — corner will tell you — that's what he is for.

Don't put your men in file and above all let them sing, talk and smoke as they wend their way to the firing line. This keeps up their spirits. Precautions make them "jumpy."

Don't lead the way. A commander takes years of training to produce and is too valuable to risk. Stifle your heroism and bring up the rear.

Don't bother to have your sections and platoons all sorted out on relief night. Mix them up. This permits the men freer social intercourse and promotes esprit de corps.

On arrival at the trench, mass your men on the highest ground you can find while the Boches pot at them. This makes the men steady under fire. In the meantime get into the trench yourself. Find the commander, explain the [illegible] unavoidable nature of your delay. Make him take off his pack and find you a drink. Then tell him all about the latest musical comedy in London. If he seems fidgety and anxious to go, remember that he has had a bad week in the trench. Talk to him some more to soothe him.

Then send out a batman to tell the company to move in. Don't get excited and worried about where they go after they are in. They will sort themselves out later, and the walking entailed will keep them from getting trench feet. If not quite sure what order to give, send for the junior subaltern, put him in charge and tell him to "carry on."

Send for a telephonist. Order him to advise the Padre and Doctor that you have some work for them.

It is quite unnecessary to report to Battalion Headquarters that you have "taken over." Let 'em worry for a few hours. They have nothing else to do, anyhow.

Don't inquire who is on your flanks. You might cause offence by being misunderstood.

Always open rapid fire as the late garrison departs. It gives them a send-off and prevents any of them walking too slowly.

* * *

After perusing the dope in the Listening Post, all we can say is that men who can retain unimpaired their sense of humor and spirit of fun within a few yards of the Germans, must be the real stuff. Jolly boys, all.

* * *

We should like fine to be over there publishing The Eye Opener, with the printing office located in some comfortable estaminet. An estaminet is an inn where the boys booze ad lib., and there is generally a pretty damsel or two dishing it out. We must speak to Sam Hughes about this.

* * *

There is always something to keep up the excitement.

* * *

Had a pleasant letter last week from Jerry McCarthy, the old-time welterweight pugilist, who visited Calgary for a while last fall. He is working at Great Falls, and has this to say:

Things in Montana are very good, on account of copper hovering around the 30c. mark, and the mining companies have raised the miners' wage to $4.25, and here the smeltermen get $3.50. I am at present working in the machine shop at the B. & M. Smelter, and enjoy the work minus the cold immensely.

It was in Great Falls where Jerry fought Stanley Ketchel on December 19, 1905, getting knocked out in the eleventh round.

* * *

Jerry sends us the following description of what happens too often in a fighter's corner during a bout. We ringside fans have often witnessed just such a clumsy, fussy work on the part of excited seconds.

The first round of the preliminary was over, and Kid Botts returned to his corner puffing a little. It had been a fast round, but the Kid had more than held his own. There was a slight cut over his right eye, which gave off a tiny trickle of blood.

Half way to the corner the Kid was met by one of his seconds who had his mouth filled with water. The second squirted the water in Kid Botts' face just as the Kid was trying to draw a long breath.

You have seen a Chinese laundryman sprinkle shirts before ironing 'em? The second used the same method. Most of the water was inhaled into the Kid's straining lungs, along with the tobacco smoke and the foul air of the fistic emporium. The Kid was gasping a bit as he sat down on the stool in his corner.

His manager and three seconds immediately surrounded the Kid. One second grabbed him and pulled him backwards until he was stretched out almost flat, his head against the ropes, his feet barely touching the floor, and only about an inch of his anatomy resting on the stool.

Another second had a large towel, which he began flapping up and down with such vigor that it popped like a whip lash, and raised great clouds of dust about the Kid's face from the resined canvas. The third second had a sponge and a bucket of cold water. The manager of the Kid had half a veteran orange in one hand. In the other hand he had a bottle containing some fluid of a medicinal nature.

"How duh y' feel?" asked the second with the water, as he doused the Kid's head and shoulders with a chilling flood.

"Puh-puh—purty good!" gasped the Kid, shivering.

"Yer aw right', ain't chu?" inquired the manager, solicitously, jamming the veteran orange into Kid Botts' mouth. The manager wore the conventional cap, and was in his shirt sleeves.

"Blah!" spluttered the Kid, meaning that he was all right.

The second who was holding him down, despite the squirmings of his victim, now began slapping the Kid on the body with astonishing force. This process was supposed to increase the circulation of the Kid's blood, and maybe it did, but also it knocked the last few whiffs of breath out of the Kid's body.

"Yer goin' good," said the manager, "on'y you wannah use your lef' more."

"Yer winnin' easy," said the second who was holding him down, "but you oughtah keep swingin'. Use yer right more."

"No, you better jab him," advised the second with the towel. "Jab 'im with yer lef'. He's a sucker for a lef' hand. Anybody kin see 'at. Jab 'im all the time. Keep jabbin'."

"Never let 'im git set," remarked the second with the water, who was now mopping the Kid's face with a dirty sponge.

The manager noticed the cut over the Kid's eye and began fumbling with the cork of his bottle.

"Hold still a minit. I'll fix 'at," he said, daubing the tiny wound with some of the fluid from the bottle. The Kid winced. He had been unmindful of that wound up to then, but now it smarted like blazes.

"Remember what I told you: uppercut 'im when he's comin' in," said the manager as the bell rang for the second round and they dropped out of the ring, taking the stool and bucket with them.

The Kid seemed rather weary as he walked out for the second round, and the showing he made in this session was not as good as in the first. Still, he appeared strong enough when he went back to his corner.

"How duh y' feel?" inquired the second with the water as he gave the Kid another bitter bath.

"Blah!" spluttered the Kid.

"Yer aw righ'," said the manager, encouragingly. "On'y you don't seem to use yer right a-tall. Not a-tall. Whass matter? It ain't cut off, is it?"

"You said to use my lef'," replied Kid Botts, feebly endeavoring to escape the restraining hands of the second and get to an upright position.

"Yes, but you can't do nothin' to him with yer lef', so you oughtah have sense enough to switch," said the manager.

"Don't try to box with 'im," said the second with the towel, who was now using such vigor in his swings that he covered yards and yards of territory.

"Cer'nly, box with 'im," said the second with the water, "you kin outbox 'im easy."

"I better put some stuff on 'at eye," said the manager. "It might bother you. Go on out, now, and use yer head."

Kid Botts was quite weary indeed when he escaped the hands of his handlers for the third round, and the first punch started by his opponent landed in the Botts stomach. The Kid's vitality was at low ebb as he went into a clinch, and gazed appealingly at his manager and seconds.

"Keep swingin'!" yelled one of the seconds.

"Box 'im offah you; box 'im righ' off!" bawled another.

"Use yer lef'!" shrieked the manager. "Why don't you do like I told you?"

"Step away and let 'im fall down!" cried the third second; but meantime Kid Botts' opponent was doing the stepping away, and it was Kid Botts who was doing the falling down.

A fellow whose lungs are filled with water and resin dust and smoke and germs, and whose body is chilled and whose breath had been pounded out of him and whose stomach has been upset with swigs of cold water and aged orange juice, and who—but what's the use? This started out to be a story, but somehow we can't get it nowhere. It has no plot, or purpose, or finish.

"Well," said Kid Botts' manager, as he stepped up to the office of the fistic promoter and collected $5 for the Kid's end of the preliminary encounter, "I don't have no luck no more. There's a little bum I bin workin' with and advisin' for weeks and tryin' to make somp'in' of him, and here he goes and quits on me, the yeller stiff!"

* * *

Military Souvenirs

OF 137TH BATTALION
And all other Alberta Battalions, including:
Princess Patricias

12th O.M.R.	13th O.M.R.
31st Battalion	50th Battalion
51st Battalion	56th Battalion
63rd Battalion	66th Battalion
82nd Battalion	89th Battalion
Medical Corps	137th Battalion
Army Service Corps	

Brooches, duplicate of the Badge	$0.50 to	$12.00
Brooches, miniature of the Badge	2.00 to	6.00
Pendants on Neck Chains	2.00 to	8.50
Signet Rings, Emblem on Top	5.00 to	15.00

SOLDIERS' SUPPLIES AT REASONABLE PRICES
Whistles, Swagger Sticks, Canes, Lanyards, Whistle Cords, Worsted Badges, Shaving Sets, Mirrors, Money Belts, &c.

D. E. Black & Co. Ltd.
JEWELERS
HERALD BUILDING - - - CALGARY

WRITE US FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LISTS
—OF—
NEW OR USED PIANOS
PLAYER PIANOS AND
ORGANS

ORGANS from	$ 35.00 to	$100.00
PIANOS from	100.00 to	650.00
PLAYER PIANOS from	325.00 to	1000.00

TERMS ARRANGED

Gerhard Heintzman Piano Parlors
210 SEVENTH AVE. WEST, CALGARY
C. B. CLARKE, Manager.

Ah, these Scotch!

The news comes that King Ross of the Cocos Islands was buried in the shade of the palms. The message rings down the curtain upon the last act of the ruler of the real, original comic opera kingdom—the Land of Cocos, a diminutive emerald world in a setting of pink coral reefs in the South Seas.

"Andy" Ross, a Scotch adventurer, after a roving youth, discovered it and decided to cast his lot as king with the inhabitants of the little story-book kingdom. From 1827 until his death he was the oddest king, with the queerest subjects, and the most extraordinary domain in all the wide world.

His was a kingdom where the arrival of Sinbad the Sailor, Alice in Wonderland, Gulliver and the Boy Who Could not Learn to Shiver and Shake would not have seemed unusual. His was a kingdom that put romance into real life and real life into romance. The Cocos Islands is distinctly an O. Henry land, a place such as Gilbert and Sullivan saw only in fancy, a spot that Robert Louis Stevenson would be loath to leave.

Ross was King, Court, Government and owner of this group of Indian Ocean Isles, twenty in all, whose only excitement in history occurred during the present war—the destruction of the German cruiser Emden by the Australian battleship Sydney off the Cocos coast.

The King Ross who has just died was the third of his line.

All the people of the islands are of more than ordinarily powerful physique. The brown-skinned natives speak their own language with a Scottish burr. The white royalty speaks the native tongue, too. Even the king himself knew little of the English tongue that his forefathers used. The chief industry is copra and coral gathering. There is no metal money. The king decided at first that money is the root of all evil, so he issued cards, and not too many of them. The king [illegible] administered [illegible]. The king makes his own laws, [illegible] his domain and provides everything for his subjects.

* * *

"It's a bad thing to be a 'good thing.'"

THE OYLMPIA
serves the best Lunches, Teas and Ice Cream.
We also sell some nice fresh Candies
Olympia Confectionery
216a 8th Ave. East

St. Patrick Cards
LINTON BROS.
CALGARY